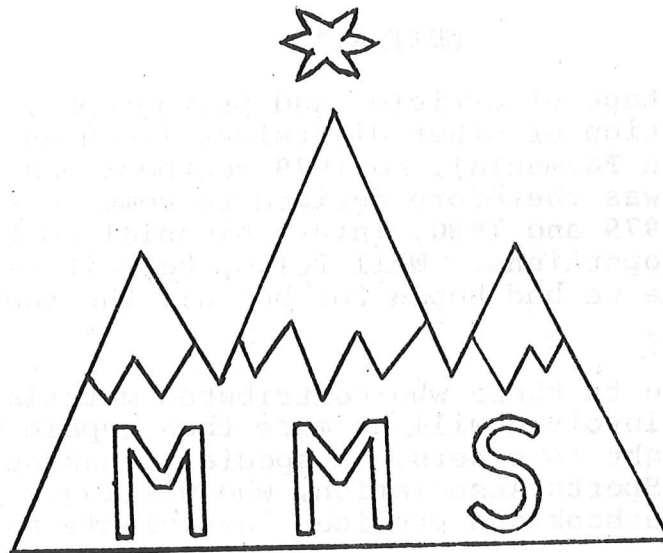


MACQUARIE MOUNTAINEERING SOCIETY

1979-80





Macquarie Mountaineering Society was formed in 1967, by members of the University interested in the rucksack sports. Since then, many people have "escaped insanity by getting away from it all" on M.M.S. trips. Although some do actually climb high mountains, this is only one of many activities. These include:-

bushwalking

canoeing

ski touring

mountaineering

orienteering

cascading

canyoning

rockclimbing

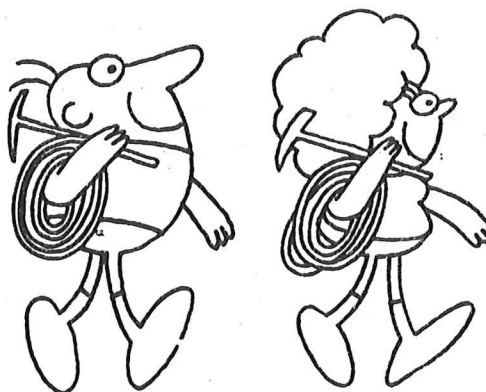
caving

snowshoeing

abseiling

cycling

Slothing, the domain of the social climber, is also popular.



EDITORIAL

Due to a shortage of articles and photographs, as well as the attraction of other diversions (such as bushwalking in Tasmania), no 1979 yearbook was produced. It was therefore decided to combine the coverage of 1979 and 1980, into a biennial edition of gargantuan proportions. Well folks, here it is; not quite the tome we had hoped for but all the same, well worth reading.

Thanks are due to those who contributed material; the small effort involved will be more than repaid by the pleasure brought to others. A special thankyou to Rosie of the Sports Association, who willingly typed the entire yearbook and provided invaluable assistance and advice.

John Brameld.

MEETINGS: Every Tuesday during semester, 1.00 p.m. in room E7B 163.

Night meetings as arranged. Part time, external and "old" members welcome.

CORRESPONDENCE: Macquarie Mountaineering Society,
c/- The Sports Association,
Macquarie University,
NORTH RYDE. 2113

MACQUARIE MOUNTAINEERING SOCIETY

YEARBOOK 1979/80

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COVER: Ian Charles near Federation Peak, South West Tasmania
- John Brameld

PRICKLY BUSHES, GUM LEAF TEA AND HARRY BUTLER (ALIAS PAUL)!

Walking the Bimberi Range in the southern Brindabella's near Canberra is an experience everyone should take time to enjoy. What makes the trip worthwhile is the very different scenery encountered, when compared to walks available in the Sydney Region.

A comfortable nights sleep on the lounge at the Blunts residence, Canberra (being 5 ft 2 in. I was the only one of us who could fit) marked the beginning of what was to be a memorable weekend (especially as far as 6 pairs of legs were concerned).

The V.W. minibus found no difficulty in mastering the horrendous dirt and rock tracks on the journey and we arrived at 10 a.m. Saturday morning all ready to blast off up middle creek (the word 'blast' was to become more popular as time passed). Climbing to the base of Mt. Kelly was the task of that first day. Cathy B. had assured us that the scrub in these ranges was sparse, or at least had been on a walk she'd done previously. With every step forward we realised this was not to be the case. Woody shrubs thrust their pointed stems and spiky leaves at us at every opportunity, and as sure as one was pushed away, another was there to make its mark on our unarmed legs. Despite this trauma, the higher we climbed the more beautiful the surrounding scenery became, with shining, silver-grey, snow gums and the first of the sub-alpine wildflowers presenting a great opportunity for photographers. Lunch on a pile of rocks was another pleasant interlude with Paul (an A.C.T. bod) running round with outstretched arms proclaiming the wonders of invisible loo dwelling creatures, invisible monsters hiding under the rocks and the beauty of the vast open expanse of scenery before us (which, being surrounded by deadly tea trees, we couldn't see) in the true Harry Butler style.

Our destination for day 1 was a wide open frost hollow sitting between Mt. Kelly, one of the highest peaks in the area and two other inspiring mountains, one which we enthusiastically climbed after dumping our rucksacks at the selected campsite. While Peter and Paul tried soloing up some cliffs the rest of us bravely decided to make the trek to the top. Once again though, the bush got the better of us. We were stopped from attaining the peak by the absolute refusal of our legs to enter thick scrub which lay between us and the boulders which marked the summit. We rested on a slab to watch shadows fall across the valley as the red sun sank, and were disturbed only by the voices of a pack of roaming boy scouts on the opposite slope, and the more pleasant sound of the varied winged wildlife. After descending we erected the tents and ate a leisurely dinner. Rejecting plans to haunt the boy scout camp (for fear of retaliation), we blasted off to bed.

A new feat for the M.M.S. record book was achieved next morning. Thanks to the early arrival of the sun on our tents the campsite had been cleared and we were ready to head off by 8 a.m! Lucky we did, for the day was to prove rather long, although without doubt, the most interesting of the three.

A one thousand foot trek up Mt. Kelly marked the beginning of the day and being hard men/women, we headed up the nearest (also the steepest) slope. Our legs were thankful, for the scrub on days two and three was less dense, although the occasional twig still leapt up to attack.

Scenery from Mt. Kelly was spectacular to say the least and the Snowy mountains range stretching from Jagungal to Kosciusko was visible, making memories of skiing come flooding back. Snow gums had become more stunted and twisted, reminding us how harsh conditions at those heights (approx. 5,000 ft) can become, although we were sweltering and being sunburned at the time.

From there a fairly easy stroll, with only one or two 500 ft. mountains took us to the saddle below Mt. Scabby. Walking along in the Alpine grass of this flat topped mountain, and sitting absorbed in the scenic view from its highest rock, was for me the highlight of the journey. Once again the Main Range was visible, as was Bimberi Peak, a huge cliff face below us and the wide open grassy plains where we'd started our trip. All tension and worry leaves you in the midst of such beauty. We were soon to descend however, and Peter and Paul went off to inspect climbing cliffs we'd been "ear bashed" about since we set out. They arrived an hour or so after the rest of us had reached the second nights camping spot, looking bleary eyed and ready to be served a fresh, soothing cup of billy tea. In fact, Gum Leaf tea was to be the main feature of that night. Eucalyptus oil adds amazingly to the flavour. Some of us I'm sure, had more than an adequate number of cups. The brew certainly relaxed everyone and the campfire conversation turned to such subjects as what we'd do if the world was wiped out in a nuclear attack while we were away. Malcolm was served the dregs (the strongest part of the brew) and amidst the calls of numerous owls, began to make rash weather predictions. Rain with a cold front was to arrive at 6 a.m. the next morning (give or take 6 hours). This didn't eventuate and his reputation as a forecaster was once again thwarted.

Day three was the least rigorous and mainly downhill. After one final assault from a dead branch lying on the fire trail, Cathy's legs received a unanimous winning vote in our loveliest (most cut, scratched and bruised) legs competition, with mine running a close second. We now believe that the males of the group escaped such brutal wounds due to dense hairs, or maybe their skin is just tougher?

Despite such ugly souvenirs and bumper to bumper traffic from Goulburn to Liverpool, nothing managed to take away the great feeling inside us after having experienced such a unique walk.

Jill Atkins.

THOUGHTS OF NUMERO UNO

Gad! It was a hell of a year out there in the wilderness. The 1979 M.M.S. campaign was a definite success though. The enemy was defeated on all fronts and many excellent trips took place. Many thanks must go to Monty. Trips away are really what the club is all about and many of these took place, as is shown in the trip director's report. Highlights were the Red Rocks walk where we all got lost, many climbing trips to Booroomba Rocks, the July skiing week that was an outstanding success and trips in Tasmania and New Zealand climbing and bushwalking over the Christmas break. Huge thankyou's must go to all trip leaders.

Official thanks must also go to the executive who handled all the administrative details that keep the club functioning. Wednesday meetings were generally well attended, many being made interesting by talks, slide shows and films. Night meetings were of excellent quality, and were much enjoyed by those who attended. These included audio-visual presentations by Boris on skiing in Switzerland and walking across Iceland; Russel on trekking in Nepal and various people on walking and climbing in Tasmania and cross-country skiing.

In conservation the club was active through subscriptions to T.W.S., N.P.A., K.H.A., and letters were written based on the advice of Anne who had her fingers on the pulse of all issues.

I hope next year that the club continues to be active with more beginners being introduced to the adventure, peace, excitement and beauty that the natural world offers, and that everyone associated with the club and its activities continues to have their lives made richer, more meaningful and more full of fun than ever, through mountaineering.

Peter Blunt
(President 1979).



Ian Charles leading Phantom, Mt. PiddingtonJohn Brameld



Rawson's GhostAnne Stahel



Walking? South-West Tasmania ...Phillip England

The decision to let the 'cat out of the bag' about the subtle M.M.S. plot or 'the process of addiction'.

I have decided that it is time to reveal the intricacies of the M.M.S. plot and to make all novices aware of what is ahead of them. (You can now refer to me as a Blackguard, conspirator or come what may!)

One of the most commonly quoted questions that is often asked when one is driving down to the snow, when they are preparing and when they are standing in the muck is, "What am I letting myself in for?" The other most common question is heard on the way home, "Now what have I got myself in for?" It is then that you realise, you are truly hooked.

The addiction process does not begin in July, but begins back in those warm summer months when you are at your weakest (speaking mainly of vulnerability). You begin to hear various stories, spoken in isolated conversations, whether at meetings, over coffee or on idle summer trips about a 'fang' here, an 'epic' there, or about some 'lurgy'. At the time you will quite rightly assign all this chatter to be relevant to the last year's dentist visit and think nothing of it.

The next stage in the plot is about May, when the members begin to be taken over by some strange power - this is notable by the faraway look in their eyes, and the haphazard movement of the body as the arms sway and the legs start to stride - plus strange pantings. The tension reaches its climax when one dull M.M.S. meeting, some enthusiast breaks down and proclaims, "It's snowing!" From here on, you begin to realise you have been woven into their net and it's virtually impossible to get out - mainly because of your curiosity and also their sophisticated torture methods.

With many illustrative aids of slides and equipment, along with the raving talks, you are taken into custody and your July break is fully planned for you (all compliments of M.M.S. travel agency).

It is only when you are sitting in your cosy, warm, 4-walled, brick veneer home, with a mug of hot coffee in your paw and a plate of hot muffins in front of you, with the smells of a roast in the background that you begin to wonder about M.M.S.'s motives and your own gullibility.

You become truly suspicious after your first day at the snow. This is the time when you know what is meant by 'below zero' temperatures, what wet socks feel like, what it's like to eat in the rain, what trees mean when they don't move and what a blow out with the braces involves.

But by the end of the week you also know what pleasure it is to find untouched areas of snow, to control your skis and to fang off into the blue yonder, how good food and a cup of tea is and you begin to realise that the plot was all worthwhile.

Anne Stahel.

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TRIP DIRECTOR'S REPORT 1979

1979 was a reasonably successful year activity-wise, having 50 club trips taken place. Once again certain facets of the club activities were more pronounced than others as shown by the table below, this primarily being due to trip leaders interest and in the case of canoeing, a lack of water.

TABLE OF ACTIVITY, AREAS AND TIME SPENT

<u>ACTIVITY</u>	<u>AREAS</u>	<u>NO. OF TRIPS</u>	<u>NO. OF PEOPLE DAYS</u>	<u>DAYS SPENT</u>
Rushwalking	Wild Dogs	2	14	3
	Kananra	2	12	6
	Red Rocks	1	24	2
	Budawangs	1	10	5
	Kuringai Chase	3	7	3
	Royal N.P.	1	6	1
	Bouddi N.P.	2	12	2
	Colo Gorge	2	13	9
	Lake St. Clair	1	32	8
	S.W. Tassie	2	54	20
	Mr. Field N.P.	1	6	2
	Total	18	190	61
Climbing	Booroomba	3	38	6
	Piddington	3	7	3
	Narrow Neck	2	5	2
	Wolgan Valley	2	22	5
	Frenchmans Cap	1	18	9
	New Zealand	1	85	39
	Total	12	175	64
Ski Touring	Main Range	4	18	6
	Jagungal W.	1	16	4
	Schlink Corridor	6	100	16
	Total	11	134	26
Canoeing	Yass River	1	9	3
	Little Manning	1	9	3
	Nepean	1	3	1
	Tallowarra P. Stn.	1	6	1
	Total	4	27	8
Canyoning and Liloing	Colo Wilderness	2	4	4
	Bell-Wollangambe	1	2	1
	Total	3	6	5

<u>ACTIVITY</u>	<u>AREAS</u>	<u>NO. OF TRIPS</u>	<u>NO. OF PEOPLE</u>	<u>DAYS SPENT</u>
Orienteering	Bulahdelah	1	10	2
	Dead Mans Creek	1	4	2
	Total	2	14	4
Cycling	Windsor	1	3	1
Caving	-	0	0	0

The above table illustrates high activity levels of the club in bushwalking, climbing and skiing; with medium activity in canoeing, canyoning and liloing; low activity in orienteering and cycling and no activity in caving.

Bushwalking this year was the club's most popular activity. Many areas were visited and included the Colo Wilderness, the Budawangs, South West Tasmania and New Zealand.

Climbing was a popular activity once again this year. It was highlighted by Peter Blunt and Ian Brown's ascent of the Sydney Route on Frenchmans Cap in Tasmania; and Jeff Cox's ascent of the North West ridge of Mt. Aspiring in New Zealand.

Ski touring was popular with many club members again this year. The beginners week proved successful. Nearly every beginner gained experience on short overnight trips up the Schlink Corridor. During July several club members were involved in a search and rescue operation on the Main Range. Also during July the "lurgy" thrived and overcame its victims.

Canoeing this year did not lack enthusiasm, but rather, lack of water in many of the rivers close to Sydney prevented many trips from taking place. During April six enthusiasts went to a special coaching seminar and mini slalom held in the grounds of Tallowarra Power Station with visiting American slalom canoeist, Chuck Stanley, of Portland, Oregon. The seminar and mini slalom course provided the opportunity to improve ones canoeing skills.

Canyoning and liloing was once again a hot summers day activity. Du Fours, Bell and Wollangambe canyons near Mt. Wilson were explored.

Orienteering this year was highlighted by the Inter-varsity 24-hour event at Bulahdelah. The club entered 2 two-man teams. Both teams had a challenging weekend. The 'A' team came fourth out of about a dozen teams.

Cycling as added to the clubs list of activities this year with a trip around Windsor.

Caving appears to be dead and no more need be said. (How about a resurrection? Ed.)

I would like here and now to thank all the trip leaders who have led trips over the past three years, for it is they that make the club, who are its heart and soul.

Keep Walking,

, Keith Williams.

YOUR GEAR AND MINE

At some stage in their internship, most Macquarie Mountaineers become aware of a room full of ropes, racks and other things of interest (no, not a chamber of horrors), deep within the subterranean passages of the gym, and known as the M.M.S. Equipment Store.

Within the confines of this anaerobic chamber and the neighbouring gear cage, is kept a range of items which would set the heart of any gear freak fluttering. Apart from the specialised trinketry of the rockclimber, there is a selection of tents, rucksacks, maps, skis, books and other goodies. Thanks to the foresight of past members, M.M.S. also owns canoe moulds and a small flotilla of home hatched craft. All this equipment is intended to provide members (especially beginners), with the means to experience the variety of rucksack sports and to do so in a safe manner.

Some specialist gear, such as snow tents, are owned primarily because individuals simply cannot afford them. As a group item, each ski tourer has access to an expensive piece of equipment which not only permits skiing in more remote regions, but is essential these days when huts in the popular areas are invariably overcrowded. Other items are basics, owned for the benefit of people who want to "have a go" at a new activity. These include snowshoes, climbing gear and top ropes, crampons and ice axes, canoeing and bushwalking equipment. Climbing lead ropes are replaced regularly to maintain a high safety standard.

So what of this assortment of "everything you always wanted to use, but never thought you could lay your hands on?" Well, it is the opinion of this seasoned observer, that there is widespread abuse of our system of equipment borrowing, that is virtually considered a tradition by some members. This mainly takes the form of borrowing gear for exceptional lengths of time, not signing for equipment and in some cases, people simply helping themselves. At least one tent, several karabiners and two compasses have gone walkabout in this way. Rockclimbers who appear to believe that helmets, lead set and ropes belong in their car boots, are particularly recalcitrant in their gear borrowing habits.

While it is the responsibility of the Equipment Officer to obtain, maintain and retain the gear owned by M.M.S., the task is made extremely difficult by non-compliance with simple procedures, based on co-operation and respect of property. For in the end, the gear is yours and mine and will only remain so, if all adopt a reasonable attitude to the rights and needs of fellow mountaineers.

John Brameld,
Equipment Officer, 1979.

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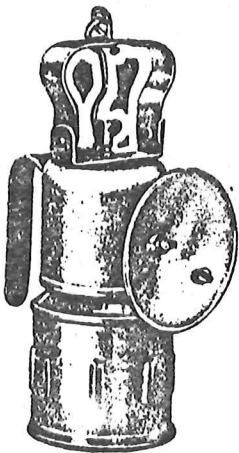
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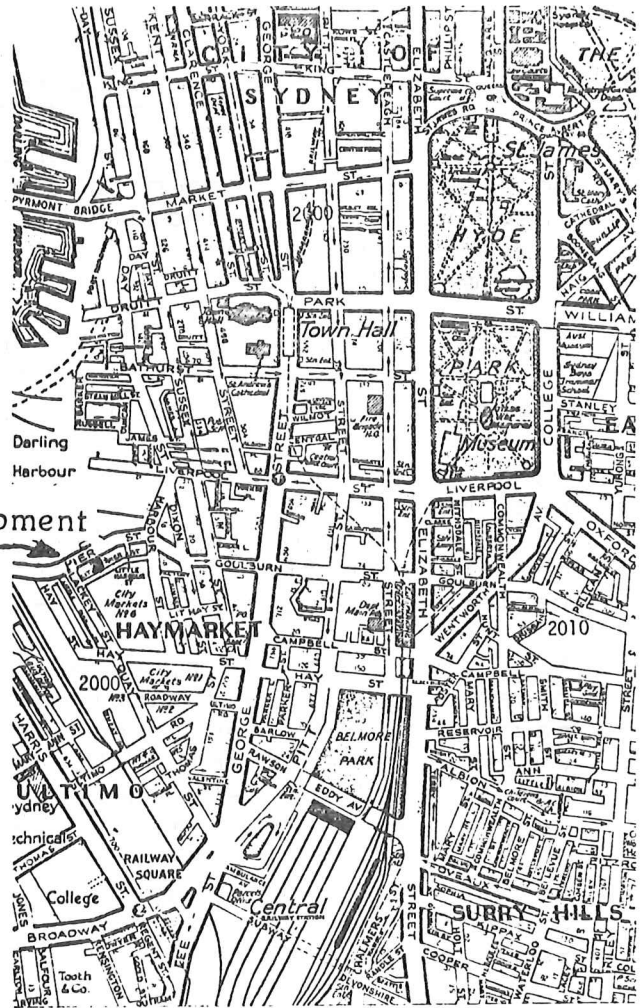
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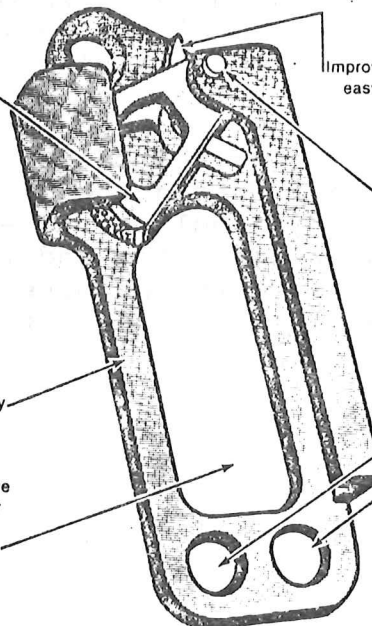
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CHIMES OF FREEDOM

Trudging, endlessly through steaming jungle, wading raging torrents, staggering slowly, very slowly up the steep path to Barren Pass under an enormous pack made even heavier by the rain. A glimpse of Huon pines and we finally reach the pass. "Where's the bloody Cap then?" "Over there," says Ian, pointing into the cloud and blowing snowstorm. My thoughts turn to bivvying in some rat hole - although Tahune Hut is only a few but tortuous miles away.

"Why am I here?" The words echoed in my skull while muscles strained to the limit. Who the hell would want to climb at the Cap - horrendous weather - we hoped for two clear days out of eight, epic walk in, huge terrifying cliffs and a really spooky atmosphere. It was so easy to become committed to the venture on a sunny Sunday afternoon in the Blue Mountains, inspired by tales of big walls and expedition atmosphere. Whillans had more sense and took porters. I was glad the wind raged and it continued to snow for two days; an excuse to rest. Exhaustion slowly faded and the primeval atmosphere of Frenchman's Cap filtered through.

Soon excuses ran out and we ventured onto the dripping white, yellow and grey quartzite, while mist drifted up the tangled faces. This is what I had come for; rock all around, the bottom and top invisible in mist, beautiful lonely climbing in the wilderness, but always tense - impossible to relax in such an unfamiliar place. This was Thierry le Fronde - five sustained pitches up an improbable looking overhanging arete. There was even snow in the exit chimney. The scene was set for the next three days. A waltz on the glistening white waves of the Western Slabs. Little protection but beautiful easy-angled wall climbing on perfect rock. Resting on top. Munching on goodies amid alpine daisies and deep green mosses and grasses. Then there was A toi la Gloire with all its history and intimidating size. An early start, easy first few pitches then a session of jamming and bridging up a slightly overhanging corner past regular bombproof runners followed by Bryden's "Stairway of the Devil" pitch which was mindblowing to second: a delicate rising traverse across a wall hanging in space, and the belay - a notch on an overhanging arete, a big nut and the ropes hanging free like fishing lines in an ocean of dizzy space. Cool acres of the shadowed south-east face all around. Climbing close to each other in the vast loneliness. A tricky traverse and we're in the exit chimneys. We can't believe we've done it.

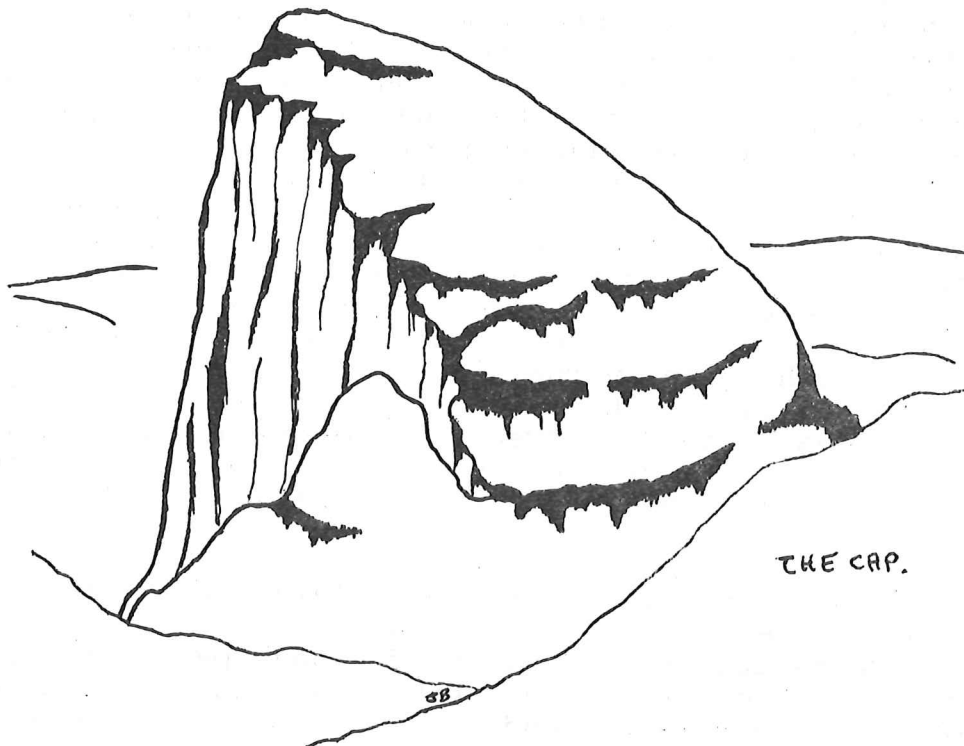
In the unwinding on top, concentration relaxes enough for the senses to absorb the splendour and beauty of the south-west wilderness. Range upon rugged range of craggy peaks and valleys stretching off to the horizon in every direction. Federation Peak and other places visited and dreamed about, visible in perfect clarity. Glacial lakes close by with crystal reflections. And the sea. A deep longing is awakened within ... oh that this could stay as it is forever, and just in the frequent rememberings of a

few old climbers and bushwalkers, or in the fantasised ventures of others.

Then there was Chimes. A bit harder maybe, unknown and intimidating in the extreme. Two ramp/corner systems linked by another airy traverse horrendously described by others. If we'd admitted to to each other at the start we both wanted to grovel back to the hut in terror. There were ten sustained pitches of brilliant climbing - corners with bridging and jamming, exposed chimneys and a delicate hanging wall. A truly classic climb in every sense - the line, climbing, situation and atmosphere were almost literally mindblowing. Sprawled on top nervous energy gushed out as the iron grip of concentration relaxed.

We could now descent from this wild, beautiful, peaceful place content and blown out that such an experience was possible. Our conclusion about climbing at Frenchman's was that although the climbs tended to be a bit long, they were still good practice for Piddington.

Peter Blunt.



CANYONING

As well as the basic skills and equipment necessary for wilderness travel, canyoning requires the use of a rope, lilo and woollen jumper. Canyoning usually involves abseiling down waterfalls in deep gorges and liloing or swimming deep cold pools between waterfalls. After rain it's advisable to wear a helmet in a canyon because some waterfalls can give you a headache if you're not wearing one. In several canyons throughout the Blue Mountains there are no waterfalls and so abseiling is not necessary.

The canyons of the Blue Mountains are many and varied. Some are known for their spectacular waterfalls; others for their rock formations; crayfish; colour; size; peace; tranquility and deep pools. All are remembered for their amazing beauty and cold reality.

Like many other of the clubs outdoor pursuits, canyoning provides the opportunity to meet the bush on its own terms. It provides ideal circumstances for introspection and a greater awareness of ones own capacities and limitations. Remember though, that in the canyons the waterfalls will continue to fall and carve patterns in the rock; the ferns will continue to grow and add colour to the walls; the spiders will continue to spin their webs and catch their prey; the sunlight will continue to sparkle on the water and light up a crayfish or freshwater eel; the thunder from an electrical storm will continue to roll through and deafen an intruder and the floods will continue to wedge boulders and logs to cause deep cold pools to form, as they have done for millions of years, whether you visit them or not.

Keith Williams

"Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look behind the ranges -
Something lost behind the ranges. Lost and waiting for you. Go!"

- Rudyard Kipling.

ALONE ON THE MOUNTAIN - FICTION

The bivouac was perched on the leeward side of a tremendous ridge, vaguely disguised by a mantle of freshly fallen snow. Distance, terrain and weather all contributed to the isolation of my predicament; yet there was a sense of belonging in this self-imposed environment, unparalleled by any experience I had known.

It would be an exaggeration to say I was not cold, yet thinking about the world outside the tent, I felt more and more inclined to remain ensconced in comparative comfort. I let the tent flap drop, covering my viewing hole and excluding the icy breeze which had quickly taken the heat from my face. Once there had been two frogs who fell into a basin of cream; one gave up and sank in the unfamiliar medium, while the other persisted until, to his satisfaction, the cream turned into butter and his efforts were rewarded by survival. Reflecting on this narrative, I realized that I preferred the latter option, and was soon making final adjustments to my skis and equipment.

Although my head was well insulated by a woollen cap and parka hood, I was very aware of the sounds around me: the trill of quavering leaves on nearby snow gums, the dull slapping of my rucksack flap, tormented by the wind. It is not surprising that the first I knew of the plane was the resonant sound of a disabled engine, so harsh was it against the tones I had become accustomed to. Looking sky-ward, I found in my vision a diminutive aircraft, approaching the white vastness in crippled flight. Passing out of sight behind a not too distant rise, its union with the earth was communicated by the sound of breaking timber.

As skis moved inexorably through trackless space, I could not dismiss the thought that there had been an intrusion into my world of solitude.

John Brameld.



Du Fours Canyon

....Keith Williams



Doubtful River Crossing ...John Brameld

FRENCHMANS OR BUST!

Nestled into warm sleeping bags, pushing down a third helping of Charlie's famous beef stew, the uninitiated was heard to remark "life's hell in the mountains". Outside the Cap was steadily eroding under the incessant beating of three days of rain and sleet.

The 1980 Macquarie University Frenchman Cap Expedition, formerly of Lindfield fame, having pushed the line up a 100 foot section of the Tahine Face, had decided to rest on their "laurels" for three days. An alpine start this morning saw us return to the face at about midday - but howling winds and frozen fingers led to a hasty retreat and lunch in the hut.

It was a rare collection of armchair mountaineers who discussed the weather that night. We all sat around, resigned to the fact that we probably would have to buy postcards in Hobart for our only view of the Cap, a full 500 yards distant.

In the course of four days, many formidable routes were established on every wall of the hut but somehow this left us strangely unsatisfied. The walk in under threatening skies and 70lb packs would have been pleasant but for the ever present danger of disappearing into the buttongrass bogs - we roped up as a precautionary measure. That night at Lake Vera we met up with our advance party of Sherpas under the incompetent guidance of Head Sirdar, Phil the Cook Boy, and Charwalla John. Next day the Sherpas were revolting but any rebellious thoughts were quelled by the promise of an extra ten rupees per day, and the party moved off towards Barons Pass and the Tahune Hut.

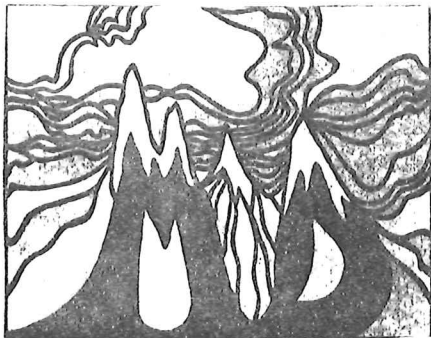
Snow, sleet and rain greeted us as we arrived at Lake Tahune; and snow, sleet and rain was to farewell us on our departure. During days we were to experience only a few hours of relatively fine weather. Climbing during that time remained unthinkable except for our brief two pitch excursion.

Waiting and watching for an improvement in the weather gave us a new respect for the Cap and served as a humble reminder of our own frailness in the face of the elements.

Still the trip had been a rewarding experience despite the lack of climbing - the people we'd met, the experiences we'd shared and the memories we'd captured on film all made this so.

On our last trip to the summit via the walking track the weather cleared momentarily as if to tease us and for the first time we saw the mountain in its entirety - we both knew that we would return here - perhaps in Winter?

Scott Ruddock, Ian Charles



MOUNTAIN DESIGNS



DYNALOC-L

10 mm

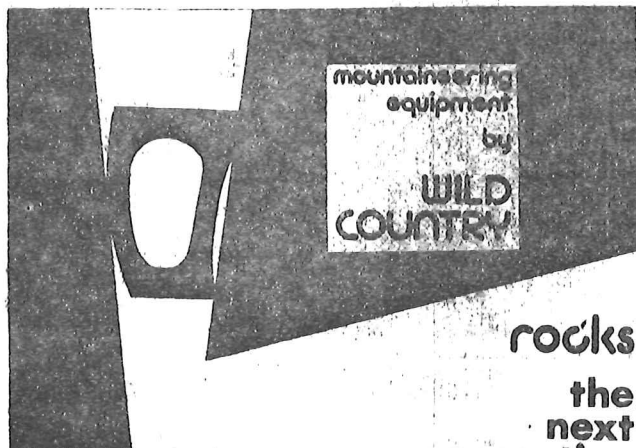
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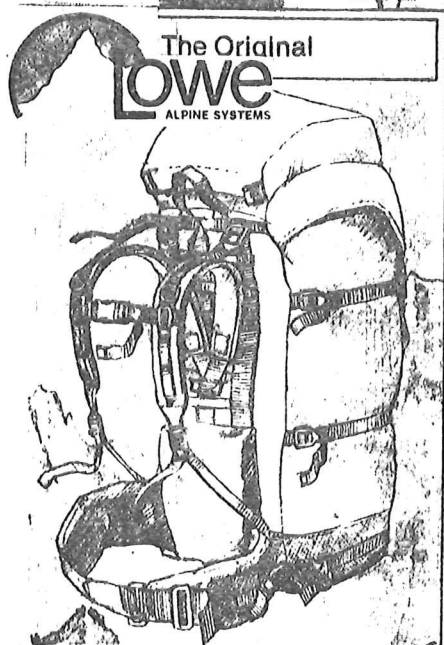
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CONSERVATION ORATION

"It (Wilderness) should exist solely for its own sake. No justification, rationale or excuse is needed. For its own sake and no other reason."

David Bohn.

1979 was the first year in M.M.S.'s history that a conservation officer was elected upon the "Board". The job entailed more than a 'poor suckers duty to go to N.S.W. Bushwalkers Federation meetings. The position's principal role was to alert the club members to current conservation issues - to gain their support, and concern, and to make them more aware of what was happening in the conservation area. This awareness is particularly important, as the majority of the active members were utilizing a lot of areas (e.g. the Colo, Tasmania) which were in jeopardy. Despite what activity a member may follow, whether skiing, walking or canoeing, it is rare that their leisure pursuits do not take them to areas that were under threat, are now in threat, or will be in the future.

The main work of the conservation officer therefore, was to draw attention to contentious issues, stirring up help - either financial or vocal - by writing to appropriate political persons or lending financial support from M.M.S. to respective conservation bodies.

Over the year there were a variety of issues tackled, including the threat to the numbers of whales and seals, the Colo wilderness, the threat to the Barrier Reef through proposed changes to 1974 Environmental Protection Act, and South-West Tasmania. The last issue mentioned, South West Tassie, has gained a lot of interest and support among the members. Many sighs were heard when only recently (1980) was the news broadcasted that the Franklin River would be saved from being flooded. Nevertheless the sigh of relief should not be offered yet - as further plottings by the Forestry Commission, the Hydro-Electricity Commission and the Tasmanian Government have been uncovered.

The position of the 'saga' at the moment (September 1980) is that the Gordon River is to be dammed, which means that the lower Gordon River will be lost. Several mining and mineral exploration permits inside the South-West have also been granted and more are pending.

To make an impact - to show your opposition to such plans, and to add your part in the prevention of such destruction, the most effective way is to write letters, to the appropriate people responsible, and to newspapers. If a politician receives even a small number of letters in a week, he will start to get worried; as it means those writers have been worried enough to write, therefore what must the rest of the voters feel!

Below is an example of a letter (compliments of Tasmanian Wilderness Society, Canberra) as a means of helping you to write your own. Don't copy the letter word for word - add your own concerns and worries - but use it as a guide.

Dear

After having visited/seen slides/read about the South West of Tasmania, I am impressed by its beauty and isolation. However, I am concerned about increasing encroachment on the area by forestry, mining and hydro-electric exploration. I should appreciate it if you would let me know why a moratorium of these activities is not being observed until the future of the South West wilderness has been considered and opened to public debate.

Already 31% of Tasmania's tourists go camping or bushwalking (according to the Tasmanian Department of Tourism). To me it seems wise and necessary to protect the natural assets of the State in National Parks, as recommended in the proposals of the Australian Conservation Foundation. To protect such natural beauty would be to protect Tasmania's Tourist Industry.

Yours faithfully,

Here are some addresses that you might write to:-

Tasmanian Forestry Commission, G.P.O. Box 2078, Hobart. 7001

Hydro-Electric Commission, G.P.O. Box 3550, Hobart. 7001

Tasmanian National Parks and Wildlife Service,
P.O. Box 210, Sandy Bay. 7005

Premier of Tasmania, Parliament House, Hobart. 7000

Federal Minister for Environment, Parliament House, Hobart. 7000

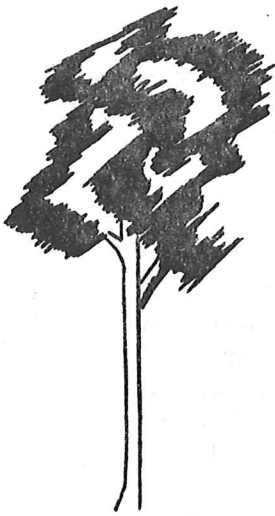
Minister for Environment & National Parks (as above)

Your own member of Parliament

Prime Minister, Parliament House, Canberra.

The main thing is to be aware of the issues and to apply public pressure on the decision makers.

Anne Stahel.



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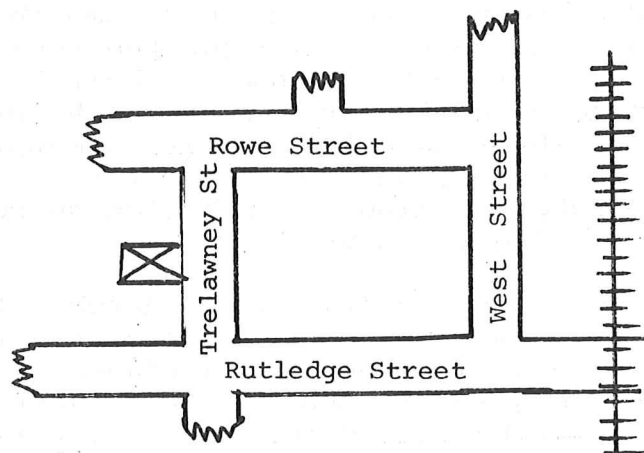
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BIG BOGONG AND BEYOND

"Until the early eighteen thirties the High Country of Australia and its border land, the Monaro, were places of more mystery to the English-speaking world than even Tibet."

Dr. John Lhotsky, Colonist N.S.W.
F.R. Bot. S, Bavaria, etc.

From the start, it was one of those trips which went well, simply because there was no time to think of what could go wrong. Lying, sleepless across the seats of a dog-box railway carriage, we were excited that the far flung Snowy Mountains were in fact our destination. A mere nine hours earlier: last exam, tension, croaking voice over the P.A. and release; what of the next three months?

"Hello Phil, doing anything for the next five days?"

"Well, um ... no, I've only just finished"

"Good, Tumut Mail leaves tonight, 10 p.m.. Grab some food and I'll see you at Central, O.K.?"

"Sure, bye..."

Cootamundra, dawn, a stillness in the air heralds a warm day; activity as parcels are moved - with some order though disguised by apparent chaos - a motorbike muffler, sheep dip, many copies of the Women's Weekly....

"Hope you got some woollens, gets bloody cold up here, and baked beans, they're great when you have to eat them."

"Yes, I suppose you're right, Anyway, thanks for the ride."

Treeless plain, orange snow poles and much rabbit dung.
"So this is Kiandra"

Winter snows had long left this region, revealing a cover of green and yellow tussock, supplanted in places by dandelion, flowers of childhood mystery. Once, men had come this way in search of gold. Now, footsteps led amongst the newly awakened daisies and buttercups, through snow gums - their limbs contorted in some unknown agony, finally to reach our resting place as starlight breached the eastern sky. A mountain hut, welcoming travellers to enter, shelter, and renew the spirit. Thoughts flickering, embers fading, as the glowing hearth retires and journeyers sleep, content.

Tabletop Mountain, its resistant bulk plays havoc with the compass, though no toy of man is needed to indicate the splendour of the back country. Undulating ranges, clear plains and yes, in the distance a lonely snow drift on Jagungal. A need for haste, lest the sun should rob us of winters legacy. Following a vehicle trail it is apparent that we are upon the Great Dividing Range, the mighty geographical feature that

brought man and machines to this place, intent on taming the flow of rivers, Upon the plain we are reminded, by humming wires and grand roads - the product of a giant's scythe. Over there, a line of hollow stumps and rusted wire, crude stock-yard with open gate - another era past ...

Ascending now, the shoulder of Jagungal giving the impression of a true mountain, not just another "hill" as Boris would have scoffed. Low clutching scrub yielding to the sweeter alpine herbfield of the summit. Not a breath of wind, in all directions a bluish haze, a cloudless sky. Pace has quickened, or is it an illusion as feet slide over an ice cream drift of snow; seen from afar, we had beaten the irrepressible thaw. Upon the top, feet dangle over crusty boulders, we laugh, rejoice, and wonder. Cold now, the heat of climbing is lost in stillness. To the south, The Bulls Peaks, Gungartan and beyond - the elusive Main Range. Beneath us the seemingly featureless country leading to Mawsons Hut, the bane of many a traveller. Our path is to the east, with some caution a course is chartered. Six kilometres to travel with the sun already low on our shoulders. First an aged fence line is followed, gullies crossed to emerge upon the Doubtful River.

"The hut should be near the top of this valley ... somewhere."

Time passes and a silhouette appears in the darkness of early evening; Cesjacks, home for the night after a long and tiring day. So many stars that night, and bright too, unlike the dimmed lights seen over the city sky.

A late start the next day, with open going amongst scattered dead trees. Rocky outcrops and playful snowdrifts present themselves; what klister do you use on your shoes? Atop another rise, the Cup and Saucer Hill and way behind reclines Jagungal, in the manner of the sphinx. South-facing hillslopes always present a challenge, this time an encounter with a member of the Richea clan, thigh deep the prickly scrub gnaws at unprotected legs. Finally we are clear, and weary feet are plunged in the icy Valentine River. A lazy afternoon is spent lying in wiry cots at Mawsons Hut, reading newspapers of bygone days used as wallpaper, and listening to the ballet of rats above the ceiling.

Across the Kerries later, when it is cooler. From Gungartan, all about the scenery is revealed; a collage of browns, greens and white, for the higher points still wear their winter mantle. Then a sudden descent from the mountain summit to the familiar country of the Whites River valley. Beyond, to the world of bridges, bitumen, roads, cars and soul destroying mausoleums, to the world of other men.

John Brameld.

1980 PRESIDENTS REPORT

1980 proved to be a year of mixed fortunes for our club. Overall the club experienced less activity than in the preceding year. This was due, not to a decline in enthusiasm, but rather to the departure of many experienced trip leaders and the increased study commitments of the remaining trip leaders. Nevertheless, trips were arranged whenever possible.

Undoubtedly the best attended trip was the beginners ski trip in July and it was pleasing to see many new faces and, indeed, old faces as well. The support of ex-members, in particular, the Blunts and Killicks, was greatly appreciated and aided in making this trip a great success.

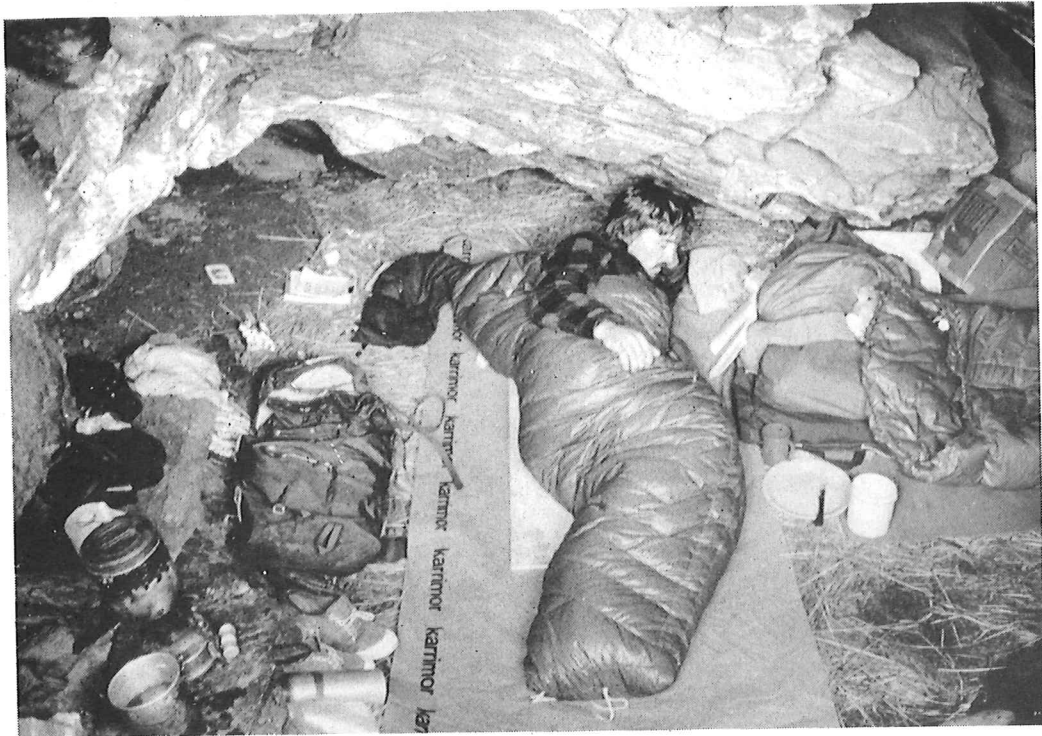
One of the more pleasing aspects of this year was the frequency and generally good attendance at night meetings which covered topics as diverse as tramping in New Zealand and walking on Baffin Island.

The club reunion held at Spectacle Island gave the opportunity for "older" members to meet. Hopefully this event will be the forerunner of many such reunions.

At this point I would like to thank this years executive, many of whom put much time and effort into the smooth running of the club. Thank you, both from myself, and on behalf of your fellow members.

Hopefully 1981 will see the emergence of many new trip leaders and remember, this is your club so get involved and enjoy the many activities that this club has to offer.

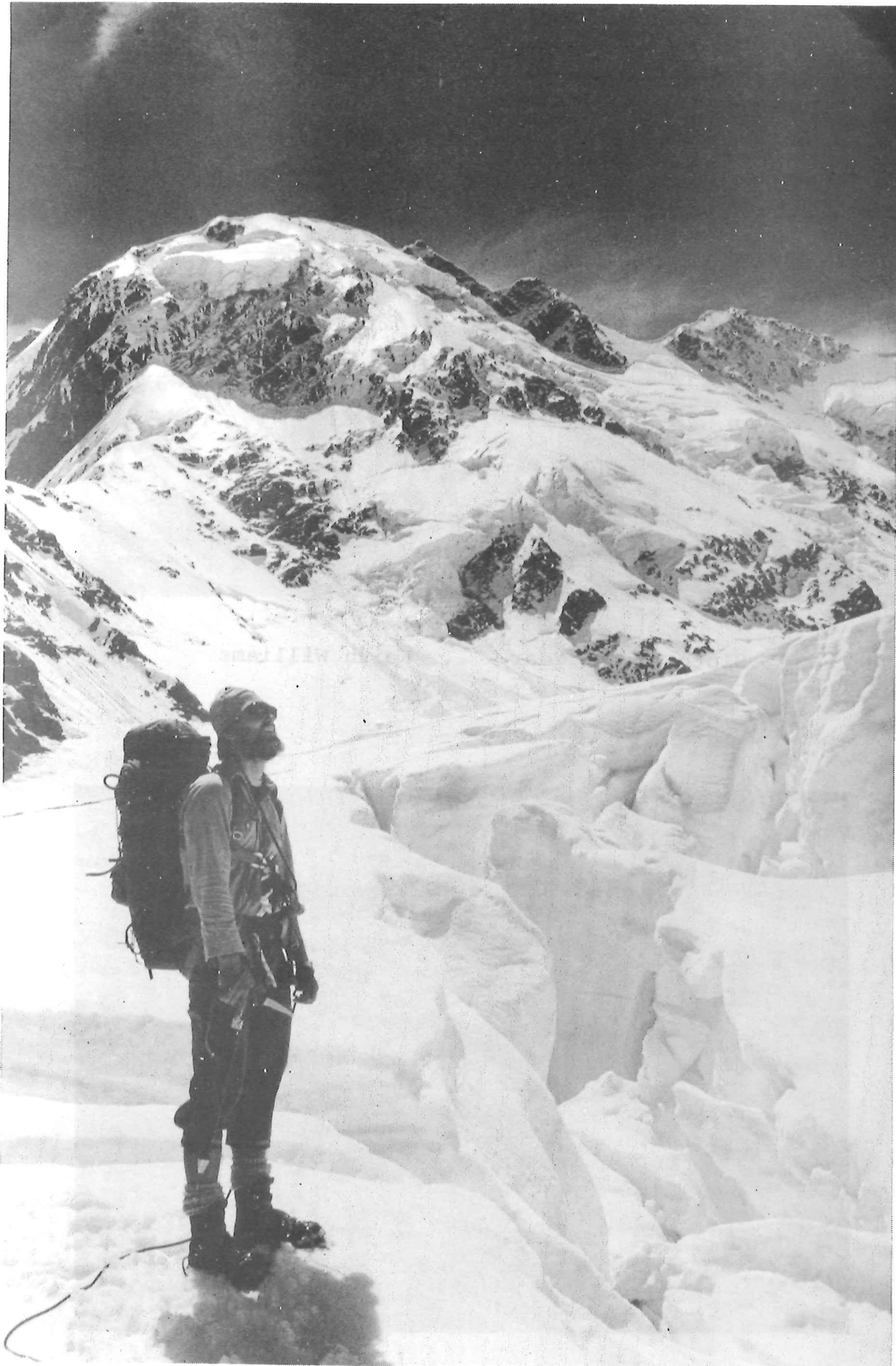
Scott Ruddock.



Sloth of the Year' ... Keith Williams



Mighty MurrumbidgeeRichard Depledge



Boris below Mt. Laperouse, New ZealandKeith Williams

YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO FALL OFF JUST HERE

A Story of New Zealand in 3 parts:-

Part 1: The Brilliantly Conceived Epic

Setting: Mt. Cook National Park

The general idea was to "bag" Mt. Cook, cross the Copland Pass and walk down to the west coast, just for a warm up. Then it was back up the Fox Glacier, over a pass, climb Elie de Beaumont, then back down the Tasman Glacier to base. As anyone who has ever been on a trip with Keith will by now have realized, it didn't happen (it rained). All was not lost however, because Keith bagged the Copland Pass, Rob took a good photo and Boris learnt something.

Boris is a colourful Swiss climber who frequented Macquarie for a time. As an experienced mountaineer and a PhD student, he learns very quickly. The first thing he learnt was that he didn't like walking along New Zealand's glaciers. The boulders all roll under your feet and bang you on the ankle, or fall out of the moraine wall above you and make you feel like a tin duck in a shooting gallery, only wetter. The next day, Boris learnt to look in the bottom of cooking pots before using them. It didn't occur to Boris that a cooking pot could contain the dried and hardened ruins of a failed meal. All the charred and blackened chunky bits were stuck to the bottom, but by careful stirring, Boris managed to spread them evenly through the chocolate porridge.

Rob photographed his way industriously up the Hooker Glacier to Gardiner Hat where he took his good photo. Ask him nicely and he'll show it to you. Rob thought that climbing unroped on loose wet rock in strong wind was fun, but he was forced to admit that reclining in a thermal pool was better.

Boris didn't do any more climbing in New Zealand (he learns quickly). Keith was disappointed.

Part 2: The Tale of the Wet Weith

Setting: The "hills" near Queenstown.

Weith Williams, Knob Roke and Ceff Jox were all asleep in a tent while 20 inches of rain fell during New Zealand's worst storm in 20 years. Suddenly Weith, who was sleeping on the windward side of the tent, jumped up and yelled "My sleeping bag is all wet". Knob, who thought he was clever sleeping in the middle, rolled over and looked sympathetic and pretended to be asleep. Weith then jumped out of his sleeping bag, stuffed it away and sat up in his underpants. "I'm cold" he said.

Knob looked sympathetic again but this didn't help so Weith climbed over Knob and started filling the petrol stove with water. "Don't fill the stove with water you fool", said our hero, finally admitting to being awake, and gallantly helped

Weith to make the chocolate porridge.

After the porridge was done and Weith had put some clothes on, he sat up in the middle of the tent and pushed Knob over into a pool of water, "I'm going back to Wanaka" he said. Knob was getting less sympathetic now that he was lying in a pool of water and I was pretending to be asleep again so the conversation lapsed.

"How's it flowing Knob?" I asked when dawn lightened the wet roof of the tent as it bulged inwards, flicking drops of water onto the wet Weith, the soggy Knob and our Hot Hero. There being no answer to this, silence reigned again for a time.

"I want to go back to Wanaka", I said when it was a bit lighter "I'm going to the hut", Weith said. "What do you want to do, Knob?" I asked. "I don't know" he said, which is unusual for him.

By and by the company set out through the storm and gained the hut where Knob had a close encounter of the furred kind with a small rodent. "You wouldn't want to fall off just here", Knob said, looking down from his bunk and thinking of when we'd tip-toed (in valleys) down wet 70 degree snowgrass. "It's rough in the Mountains" I replied.

Part 3: A Visualization of the Cosmic All

Setting: Mt. Aspiring National Park

We set off towards Aspiring with a weeks food. Rob was starting to learn by now and had left his climbing gear behind, thereby increasing his chances of having a good time. Kate Robinson was so smart that she didn't even own any climbing gear so she was certain of enjoying herself. Day eleven saw the two slow learners of the party, Rod Turner and myself, trudging hungrily up the Bonar glacier after climbing Mt. Aspiring, still learning.

The weather was beautiful as we walked up the Matakutuki Valley and climbed French Ridge. So of course when we got to the hut it rained, hailed, snowed, sleeted and blew for 9 days. But we enjoyed ourselves as we sat in our sleeping bags for days on end, watching a blizzard through our small window. "The snow-flakes seem to be moving past the window quite rapidly," Rob said. Indeed they were travelling horizontally, rocking the hut backwards and forwards alarmingly, but Rob was not impressed, "I hope all this shaking isn't affecting my jelly" he said.

It was a strange sight indeed to see the little fellow out there in the snow during a lull in the storm, clad in long johns and bare feet, Rob would lovingly tend his jelly and drive off the keas with an ice axe, a clenched fist and cries of "Piss off you bastards" and "Take another photo of me from over there". Yes, we were slowly going crazy.

At 2.00 a.m. on the eleventh day, the air was still and cold. Half a million stars blazed away. This was it. The snow crunched loudly under our crampons as Rod and I cruised up to the top of French Ridge. We were away. As we came over the top of the ridge, a huge black triangle blotted out the stars and we raced down the glacier towards it.

Mt. Aspiring is a beautiful peak. At around 10,000 feet it sits well above the surrounding mountains and stands out strikingly as a tall, slender pyramid of ice among a jumble of lesser peaks.

As we neared the top a small plane flew around below us. Running cheap tourist flights, it buzzed aimlessly around as if it needed swatting. We didn't wave.

The summit was gained and celebrated with the sum total of our remaining food supplies, half a block of chocolate. You could see a hundred miles or so in all directions. We were glad we hadn't learned. We were very hungry.

Jeff Cox.

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BUSHWALKING HOLIDAY TO TASMANIA

26.1.80 - 7.2.80

The initial aims of the expedition were to spend 7 - 8 days walking through Cradle Mountain - Lake St. Clair National Park, then to get to Strahan on Tasmania's west coast where we were to go on the boat cruise across Macquarie Harbour and up the Gordon River, finally we had to get to Freycinet National Park on the east coast for another 2 - 3 days walk before coming home.

To avoid the inevitable last minute balls-up of getting everyone to the airport on time to catch the plane we all decided to spend the Friday night at Dave's place where one of Dave's relatives was to drive us to Mascot for our 8.00 a.m. flight to Melbourne. The first trauma of the day occurred when we discovered that the "car" which was to transport us was an early '60's vintage Holden with slushmatic transmission. Every time we came to a hill the car nearly expired and it was only after exclaiming "Hail Mary's" and "nice car" that we finally made it to the airport. There we took pity on the car and shot it to put it out of its misery.

The most exciting event on the flight to Melbourne occurred just after they had served us refreshments; Dave decided that he would pinch the little container of honey they gave out for use on the bread rolls so that he could put it on his muffins on the bushwalk. With typical pommy cunning he sneaked the container into the back pocket of his jeans before sitting down. (Who said the Irish were stupid?) Dave began to sense that something was wrong when he felt a warm sticky sensation spreading over his anatomy a few minutes later. While the rest of us (and nearby passengers) were cracking up with laughter, a red faced Dave was asking the stewardess for some wet hand towels (we think you're sweet enough Dave).

We arrived in Melbourne without further problems about 9.10 a.m. where we transferred to the Fokker Friendship which was to fly us to Devonport. The plane eventually took off late due to a slight problem - they weren't sure where they were supposed to fly to. We eventually arrived at the correct destination (Devonport) about 40 minutes later and were about to congratulate T.A.A. on getting us to Tasmania alive when we discovered that they had left our packs behind in Melbourne. Luckily the packs arrived on the next flight about an hour and a quarter later. This was more worrying that it would appear since we had flown out of Sydney in a heat wave with temperatures in the 90's and had larded in Devonport where temperatures were in the 50's, dressed only in shorts and shirts and with all our warm woollen clothes still in our packs in Melbourne.

From Devonport we had a hair raising ride in a long wheel base Landrover, driven by a character named Maxwell, to Waldhiem at the Cradle Mountain end of the National Park. He makes some of

our more "famous" C.C.O.G. drivers look good. The only vehicle he gave way to on route was a 25 ton log truck coming downhill around a corner. The Landrover contained 10 passengers plus "driver" with 10 packs carried on a roof rack and most of the passengers had a few extra grey hairs by the end of the trip. Maxwell told us on the way that plenty of snow had fallen in the park in the last couple of days which did not really impress us much until we saw it for ourselves.

We finally arrived at Waldheim in Cradle Valley about mid afternoon on the Saturday. Because it was too late to begin the walk and because the weather conditions were too bad, we decided to start out the next day. We deposited our packs in the 'Day Hut' and after a very late lunch we then did a short walk to the top of a nearby hill in weather that alternated from light rain to sleet to snow and back again. That night we spent in the day hut trying to sleep amid thunderous snoring from some Victorians also staying at the hut.

We finally commenced the walk about 10 a.m. having first registered our names and walk details in the book at the Rangers Hut. Robert Hill, a lone walker from Melbourne who was staying at the same hut, decided for company and safety reasons to join our party for most of the walk. The walk started in light drizzle and as we climbed higher into the mountains the weather and visibility got worse, until we were walking in a mist that limited visibility to about 200 feet and with light snow falling. There were lots of slushy snow on the ground that varied from ankle depth up to knee depth. Soon everyone's feet were wet but surprisingly you did not get cold feet while you kept moving.

We stopped for lunch at the Kitchen Hut which is an emergency hut. We climbed up to the upstairs platform and after kicking all the animal droppings off the platform we sat down to a welcome lunch and cup of tea. We emerged from the hut after lunch to an amazing sight. The visibility had improved and Cradle Mountain had appeared out of the mist just near the hut. It was covered in snow and was a spectacular sight.

After enduring great danger and hardship from avalanches and bottomless crevices, we finally succeeded in conquering the sheer west face of Cradle Mountain (it took about 40 minutes to get to the top) and without needing our oxygen tanks (height 1545 metres). The view from the top was well worth the climb. After descending the mountain we continued walking along what has been misnamed the Overland Track. It should be called the Overland Stream and/or the Overland Bog because most of the way you are either walking along a miniature river or else plodding through a sea of mud and ooze.

After descending a hill where the bog was especially deep and sticky, (one went in up to my knees), we finally arrived at the Waterfall Valley hut about 5 p.m. where we spent the night. We shared the hut that night with four hippies from Melbourne - they had brought their pot and "bong" with them. The main night time activities on the Overland Trail are the inevitable clothes drying and sock toasting sessions and occasionally someone

manages to melt the nylon soles off their boots for extra entertainment.

The next day was the hardest slog of the whole walk. We stopped in for a quick look at Cirque Hut which is about 20 minutes further along the trail from Waterfall Valley Hut. It is a large comfortable hut with 2 pot bellied stoves. We had lunch by the side of Lake Windermere then another brief look at Windermere hut which is large and comfortable and like a 3-star hotel compared to some of the huts we stayed at. From there and after crossing innumerable bogs we finally staggered into new Pelion Hut about 7 p.m. (it doesn't get dark in Tasmania in January until about 9 p.m.) and took the last remaining bunk spaces.

The next morning (Tuesday) we awoke to the melodious tune of that rousing song "Lloyd George Knows My Father" sung by a large party of Victorians at the top of their lungs. After great difficulty Dave and I memorised the words so that we could repay them the next morning, however they foiled us by staying at a different hut that night.

We were all feeling rather slack that day due to the hard walking of the previous day (plus we were nursing many blisters and sore feet by then) so that we decided to have an easy day and not walk very far.

From the hut we walked to the Saddle between Mt. Ossa and Mt. Pelion East with the noble intention of climbing Mt. Ossa, the highest mountain in Tasmania. There we decided to sit down amongst the leeches and have lunch before attempting the climb. Just as the billy was about to boil it started raining, and with the aid of an icy wind that sprang up, the rain turned to sleet. Discretion being the better part of valour we packed up quick and shot thru away from the exposed saddle before we froze solid, leaving Mt. Ossa behind for the next trip.

After crossing a particularly delightful stretch of mud we arrived at Kia-Ora Hut in the early afternoon. Since it had been raining on and off all day we decided that Kia-Ora Hut was enough walking for the day and made ourselves comfortable (since we were the only occupants). About an hour later our four Victorian hippy friends turned up and decided to stay since they had had enough as well. We spent the afternoon and night playing cards and trying to get the pot bellied stove to work properly.

Kia-Ora Hut and the next hut (Ducane Hut about 45 minutes away) are in spectacular locations surrounded by mountains. We stopped briefly the next morning at Ducane Hut which is in a very pretty setting surrounded by forest. The hut is very old and the whole building slopes downhill. Later in the morning we detoured off the track to see D'Alton Falls which were very spectacular with a lot of water going over them due to the high rainfall of recent days. Due to a shortage of time we postponed seeing the other nearby waterfalls to the next trip and headed to Windy Ridge where we had lunch. From this hut we had our

first views of Mt. Geryon and the Acropolis which we were to climb the next day. From Windy Ridge Hut we detoured off the main track into Pine Valley. We came to a bridge over a creek where a choice of routes to Pine Valley Hut was possible. Rob, Bob and Dave chose the forest track because it was easier and drier while Gary and myself chose the boggy track across the button grass plains because this track gave unobstructed views of the surrounding mountains of which we wanted to get pictures. Both groups arrived at about the same time at Pine Valley Hut where we spent the next two nights. This small hut was already crowded but we barged in anyway.

Soon after we had had tea another group of walkers arrived, students from Hobart University and they did not want to spend another night in their leaky tents. Since there were some females amongst them including one very pretty girl (whom the author immediately fell in love with) we let them bribe us with some dried apples and made room for them in the hut. The author being a gentleman (and wolf) made room for her sleeping bag on the floor under the table (next to himself of course) while Dave was consigned to sleep on top of the dinner table. The hut is designed for about 10 people but ended up housing about 20 people for the two nights (so there was no chance for mischief).

The next day was spent climbing the Acropolis which was a hard climb made worthwhile by the excellent views. Those with operational cameras went berserk on top of the Acropolis taking many shots. From the Acropolis we went back to Pine Valley Hut where the remainder of the afternoon was spent taking an ice water bath at a nearby waterfall and then trying to thaw out when the sun made a very brief appearance. The Hobartians had gone to climb Mt. Geryon and due to a fairly late start from the hut did not finally return to the hut until it was just getting dark (about 9 p.m.) which caused us some concern.

The next morning most of us departed for Narcissus Hut on the shore of Lake St. Clair. True to Murphy's Law, this being the last day, the sun finally appeared along with blue skies for the first time in a week. We arrived at the hut about midday with the sun shining brightly, and in a fit of insanity brought about by the sun I decided to swim in Lake St. Clair. Twice I jumped off the boat ramp over the water and twice I bounced off the water becoming immersed only long enough to go blue (about 3 seconds). Meanwhile Dave was washing his stars and stripes jockeyettes in a dixie of water and Pine-o-Clean (of which he originally brought a whole pint). It seems Pine-o-Clean can be used for a multitude of purposes and can even be administered neat to armpits instead of using deodorant (at least according to Dave).

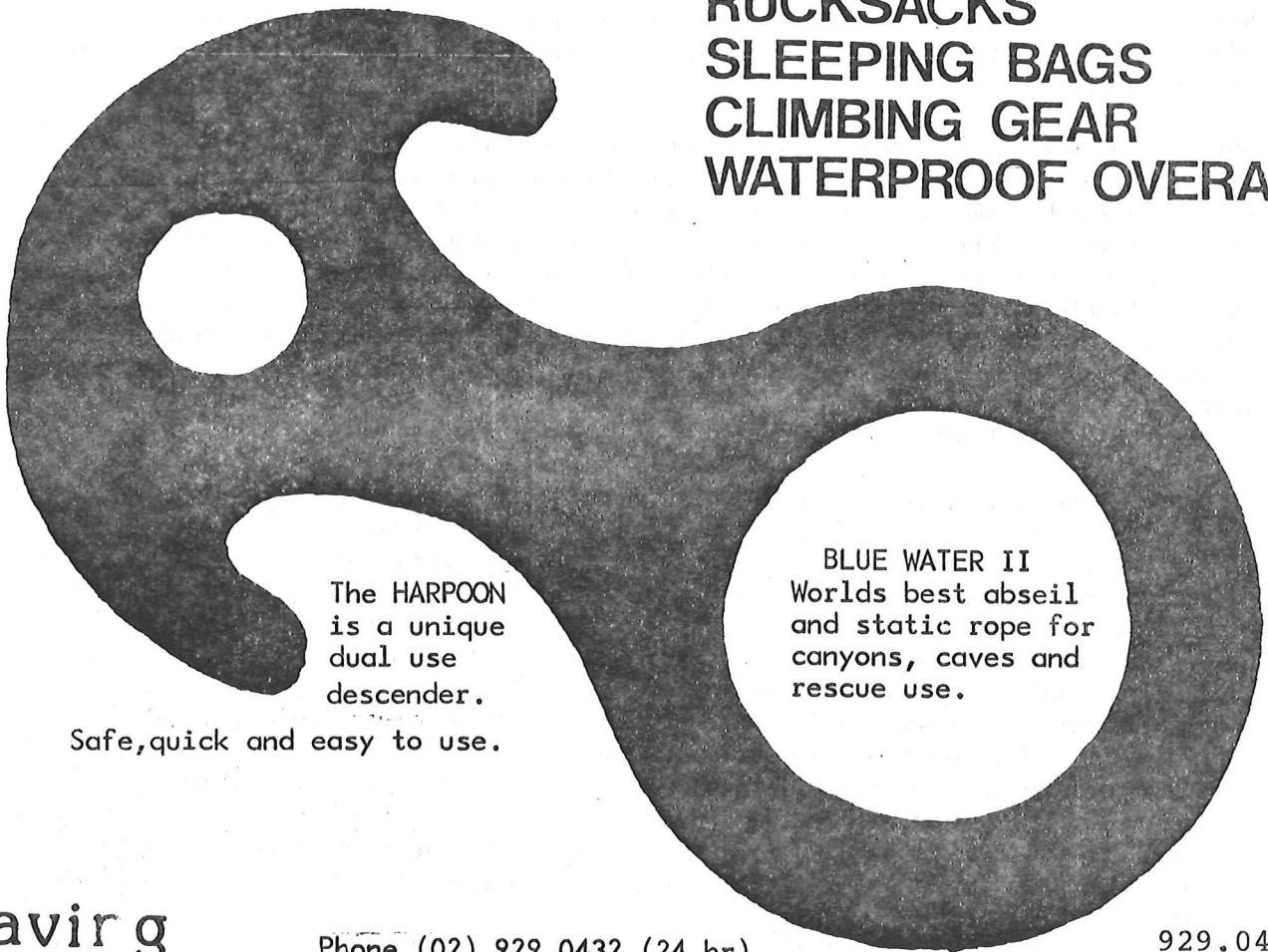
Due to a certain slackness and loss of bushwalkers pride brought about by prolonged immersion of feet plus blisters, plus sore Achilles tendons we all decided to pike out and take the Jetboat for the last stage of the trip instead of walking along the shores of Lake St. Clair. Thus ended the 1980 C.C.O.G. expedition to Cradle Mountain National Park. Although we had experienced what they say is the worst summer in 15 years in Tasmania, we all enjoyed ourselves immensely and will return

there again for an even longer stay of 8 to 10 days in another couple of years. If the other members of this expedition (i.e. Bob and Gary) were not mentioned much in this report it is only because they were better behaved (i.e. less strange) than Dave and myself and not due to any prejudice on the part of the author.

Mick Casey.



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OFF THE BEATEN TRACK

(OR HIGH ADVENTURE WITHOUT THE LEYLAND BROTHERS)

It seems customary for the Trips Director to make an annual rendition, proclaiming the number of trips and praising the leaders of these trips. A record of events is hopefully interesting to read and also serves a historical function. As was pointed out to me by my predecessor, an accurate account of "people days in the black stump wilderness" is useful as an indication of visitor usage in particular regions. Log books in huts and atop mountains serve a similar purpose, and may be of benefit in land management planning, or justifying new national park proposals. A little bit of bureaucracy can go a long way in ensuring our "freedom of the hills".

As happens every year, M.M.S. experienced a "brain drain" of trip leaders in 1980, as people left the hard life of Uni. to become teachers and the like. However, several of our more notable associates did hover in the wings and even concocted the occasional epic: Peter and Cathy's "Scabby scrub bash", and Keith's "Colo after dark" excursion will long be remembered. Amongst those still studying, the cry of "too much work" was often heard, unfortunately reducing the number of trips that might have gone. A total of 28 trips took place.

TABLE OF TRIPS

Activity Spent	Area	No. of Trips	No. of People Days	Days
Bushwalking	Colo	1	6	2
	Kanangra	1	6	2
	Govett Gorge	1	3	1
	Ettrema	1	12	2
	Snowy Mts.	3	41	19
	Bimberi	1	18	3
	Pilot	1	42	7
	Frenchmans Cap	1	15	11
	East Tassie	1	12	6
	S.W. Tassie	2	76	27
	TOTAL	13	231	80
Climbing	Piddington	2	8	3
	Boyce	1	2	1
	Booroomba	1	10	2
	TOTAL	4	20	6

Canyoning	Wollangambie	2	12	4
	Claustral	1	3	1
	TOTAL	3	15	5
Ski Touring	Schlink	4	67	13
	Jagungal	1	24	6
	Pilot	1	16	4
	TOTAL	6	107	23
Snow showing	Bimberi	1	14	7
Canoeing	Nepean	1	5	1

A comparison of the above table with the 1979 figures indicates changing popularity of the various activities. Participation in bushwalking has stayed at a similar level to last year, with an emphasis on extended vacation walks. These included walks in the Kosciusko region and the notoriously wet and cold wilderness of South West Tasmania. It is regrettable that more weekend walks have not gone, to break up the weeks of study.

Climbing appears to have taken a frightening lead fall, indicating the loss of members to the "real world" of work etc. There has also been a tendency towards private trips, as individuals can begin to afford their own ropes and climbing hardware. If enthusiasm in climbing is to return, then leaders will have to encourage and assist those new to the game so that interest is not lost.

The July vacation once again saw an M.M.S. invasion of Sawpit Creek camping area. Many people gained the rudimentary skills of ski touring, on day trips and routine expeditions into the Schlink area. It is mystifying however, that very few were prepared to extend themselves on more adventurous trips in August. Other secret and not so secret skiing areas were visited by the dedicated few. Snowshoeing was a new initiative this year, with a trip to Mt. Bimberi - the highest peak in the A.C.T.

Following of canoeing and canyoning was at a low level in 1980; although some people seemed keen, there was little organization and even less water in the rivers. Let's hope for more aquatic tendencies in the future.

Trips which have taken place are largely due to the enthusiasm of the leaders - who deserve everyone's thanks for their efforts. There is little consolation in being confined to beginners trips when "Jagungal is just over the hill". It is to be hoped that new ideas and imagination will be forthcoming from all members, to expand the horizons of M.M.S. As Paddy Pallin said, "The only trips I regret are the ones I did not do!"

John Brameld.

OFFICE BEARERS

1979 PRESIDENT - Peter Blunt
SECRETARY - Scott Ruddock
TREASURER - Rob Knoke
TRIPS DIRECTOR - Keith Williams
PUBLICITY OFFICER - Megan Dowding
MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY - Sue Andrews
CONSERVATION OFFICER - Anne Stahel
EQUIPMENT OFFICERS - Jeff Cox
 - John Brameld

1980 PRESIDENT - Scott Ruddock
SECRETARY - Sue Andrews
TREASURER - Phillip England
TRIPS DIRECTOR - John Brameld
MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY - Jill Atkins
PUBLICITY OFFICER - Jill Atkins
CONSERVATION OFFICER - Mary Aramayo
EQUIPMENT OFFICER - John Nairn

M.M.S. PATRON - Dave Roots

"You can join a local climbing club. This is a good way to start climbing, but there are difficulties. Remember that the Club is a collection of people who've got together to climb with each other - not to set up in the business of climbing instruction. It's no fun climbing with an incompetent stranger. So do your best to turn yourself into a competent friend. You ask a share of their experience. What do you offer in return? Your personality may be all you can offer at first, a willingness to work and learn and be self-reliant, thoughtful and cheerful. Ask yourself at the end of a club meet, how well did you join in? Or were you just a passenger?"

- Dennis Kemp, Rock Climbing.

MEMBERSHIP LIST

1979

Sue Andrews	76.8238
Mary Aramayo	871.2199
Jill Atkins	89.3533
Greg Bayne	
Sheila Beevers	85.1782
Phillip Blaxell	85.2266
Peter Blunt	81.1317
Belinda Back	450.2067
John Burns	887.1734
John Brameld	428.4164
Debbie Brown	639.8850
Russell Brown	639.8850
Ian Brown	476.1378
Mick Casey	605.2752
Stephen Castell	76.7043
Ian Charles	871.6873
Zoe Christian	498.1633
Angus Corbet	467.2339
Jeff Cox	86.6576
Stephen Crump	632.6934
Ed Clarke	858.3524
Ian Cranwell	419.4449
Christine Deacon	918.2679
Fran Denne	
Patti Dessaix	98.6196
Richard de Pledge	94.7166
Graham Dowden	653.1727
Megan Dowding	476.2892
Phillip England	84.7995
Maxine Evers	84.5820
Joanne Fleming	913.8264
Chris Gows	48.1670
David Haigh	634.3127
Tony Haigh	
Stewart Hangerford	457.9356
Suzzane Holmes	
Jim Hovendon	622.1912
Geoff Humphreys	86.2481
Peter Hunter	48.6629
Boris Jenka	411.5293
Peter Keeble	919.5336
Rob Knoke	84.5430
Susan Lenon	
Dave Lockwood	871.4741
Peter Marshall	41.6750
Greg Michell	86.2122
Margaret McEvoy	44.4256
Greg Martin	85.7081
Peter More	
John Nairn	638.5651
Anne Nielson	807.4368
Tony O'Keefe	630.6830
Ross Ramsay	
Tom Ryan	798.8764
Don Ramsay	88.9237
Keith Royce	41.6802
Dave Rothery	858.3524

Scott Ruddock	939.7872
Bill Sanby	888.2634
Rodney Scott	46.2504
Steven Seidler	48.0211
Anne Marie Scott	85.1485
Lance Shepherd	452.1256
Melody Sorenson	47.0026
Mark Southwick	44.2446
Anne Stahel	
Stephen Tyrell	913.8479
Cathie Walsh	467.2485
Keith Williams	86.4282
Nicholas Winer	449.8746

1980

Sue Andrews	76.8238
Mary Aramayo	871.2199
Jill Atkins	89.3533
John Brameld	428.4164
Kathleen Betts	95.5488
Peter Blunt	062. 58.7394
Cathy Blunt	" "
David Brennan	467.1573
Timothy Carroll	456.1943
Michael Casey	
Ian Charles	871.6873
Stephen Crump	632.6934
Graham Dowden	653.1727
Malcolm Down	449.8158
Michael Doyle	477.2935
Shanny Dyer	84.7863
Phillip England	84.7995
Julie Ferguson	869.7992
Tim Godfrey	94.1115
David Green	95.6196
Felicia Henderson	84.3663
Peter Holt	84.5408
Stuart Hickson	
Rob Knoke	84.7867
Rob McLaughlin	
Cathy Nairn	638.5651
John Nairn	"
Ann Neilsen	807.4368
Garth Oliver	848.9129
Don Ramsay	88.1343
Dave Rothery	858.3524
Scott Ruddock	939.7872
Melinda Smith	498.6226
Mark Southwick	44.2446
Anne Stahel	
Derek Steller	84.1812
Anne Sushames	887.2048
Warwick Tregilgas	412.1293
Stephen Tyrell	913.8479
Mary Unwin	638.7975

